

HURRY FOR BARGAINS AT THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

We have received from New York a large stock of
Mens Fancy Spring Suits

Single and Double-breasted and a lot of nice Spring
Pants, and an up-to-date line of Boys' and Children's
Spring and Summer Clothing. Also an elegant line of

Ladies' Skirts and Dress Patterns,

and Shirtwaists, and a handsome line of Ladies'
Trimmed Hats, and a swell line of Women's and
Mens' Shoes and Slippers, also a fancy line of Spring
and Summer Underwear (all sizes), and a jobby line
of the latest styles in Mens' and Boys' Hats, also Straw
Hats. We also have a fine line of Dry Goods
and Notions, Trunks, Etc.

EXTRA SIZES IN SUITS AND PANTS.

FIRESTEIN & EUSTER.

FLOYD DAY, President. J. SAMUEL HEAD, JR., Cashier.
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JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,
Jackson, Kentucky.

Paid up Capital and Surplus \$27,100.00

We solicit the Banking Business and accounts of

**Lumber Manufacturers,
Timber Dealers,
Business Men,
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Throughout Eastern Kentucky and offer our Customers
the most

LIBERAL TERMS
Within the limits of legitimate business.

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MILLIKAN School of Business,

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Offers unexcelled courses of instruction in

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Taught by Expert Stenographers. Actual experience in every
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Touch System under a special teacher. Single and double
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Up-to-date system applied to various forms of business. Full
commercial course includes Rapid calculation, Business Arith-
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Business Practice.

OUR PUPILS GET POSITIONS. ASK FOR LISTS.

ELEVATOR SHORT ST. ENTRANCE,
SOUTHERN MUTUAL BUILDING,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Apr-ly

FOLEY'S HONEY AND STAR FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
for children's catarrh, cure of gonorrhea, kidney and bladder ailments

A MONEY CROP.

Notes From a Georgian Tobacco Planter

"Right in the Tobacco Belt"

I live on the G. P. and A. railroad
fourteen miles south of Tallahassee,
three miles from the Georgia and Flori-
da line, and right in the tobacco belt
where the finest tobacco in the world
can be raised. We raise both Sumatra
wrapper and Cuba filler. Our tobacco
is our main money crop. The most of
our farmers raise the finest Sumatra
wrappers under an artificial shade,
which costs about \$200 per acre to
build. This shade will last seven years
by repairing it occasionally. On our
shade tobacco we put 150 bushels of
cotton seed, one ton cottonseed meal,
one-half ton potash, eight tons cow sta-
ble manure, fifty tons of top soil from
the woods. We usually put broadcast
one-half ton of lime per acre, every
second year this much per acre.

The Harvest.

The tobacco makes from 1,000 to
1,500 pounds per acre. We realize 50
and 60 cents per pound. The sun to-
bacco we don't fertilize as heavily and
get about 25 cents per pound for it.
It makes from 500 to 1,000 pounds per
acre.

Our land here is also adapted to cot-
ton, corn, potatoes, sugar cane and
everything else that can be grown any-
where, except wheat. Our land is roll-
ing, but yields well if worked well.

Cured of Bright Disease.

Geo. A. Sherman, Lisbon Red Mills
Lawrence Co., N. Y., writes: "I had
kidney disease for many years and
had been treated by physicians for 12
years; had taken a well-known kidney
medicine, and other remedies the
doctor recommended but got no relief
until I began using Foley's Kidney
Cure. The first half bottle relieved
me and four bottles have cured me of
this terrible disease. Before I began
using Foley's Kidney Cure I had to
pass water about every fifteen min-
utes, day and night, and passed a
brick-like substance, and sometimes a
slimy substance. I believe I would
have died if I had not taken Foley's
Kidney Cure." Jackson Drug Company.

Training Linn Beans.

For small town lots or where bean
poles are scarce the accompanying
method from Farm Journal will readily
show how the beans can be trained
in a compact and simple way, so that a
garden essential may be safely bridged.



BEAN POLE FOR SMALL TOWN LOTS.

Plant the bean rows in couples and
place poles as indicated. The intervening
space should be filled in by short
stakes, one for each hill of beans. To
each stake fasten a piece of twine or
an untwisted strand of rope extending
to the top pole.

Unseed and Cottonseed Meal.

Considered on the basis of digestible
protein, the Virginia station finds little
to choose between linseed meal and
cottonseed meal for balancing up the
cow and cornmeal that must of necessity
constitute the basis of a ration for
beef cattle in the south. The relative
cost will determine which one to select.

New Cure for Epilepsy.

J. R. Waterman, of Watertown, O.,
Rural free delivery, writes: "My
daughter, afflicted for years with epi-
lepsy, was cured by Dr. King's New
Life Pills. She has not had an attack
for over two years." Best body clean-
ers and life giving tonic pills on earth
25c at Jackson Drug Co.

Getting Rid of Cattle Ticks.

Where the herd is small a very ef-
fective but laborious method is to pick
off ticks by hand or to scrape them off
with a dull knife or a currycomb. This
should be done at least three times a
week in order to find all the adults be-
fore they mature and fall off, as by
this system the smaller ticks which at
first escaped detection will be found
before they are fully developed. After
removing the ticks they should be de-
stroyed, preferably by burning. Care
should be taken to go over all parts of
the animal frequently by ticks, espe-
cially under the belly, around the tail
and under and inside the legs. After
the ticks are picked or brushed off the
cattle should not be neglected, but
should be carefully examined later for
the presence of ticks which have been
picked up in the meantime. If this
work is thoroughly performed and no
ticks are allowed to fall off and lay
eggs from June 1 to the end of Novem-
ber the cattle will be free of ticks and
the pasture will have had an opportunity
of becoming cleaned.—John R.
Mohlner.

A hacking cough is most annoying.

One Minute Cough Cure draws the in-
flammation out of the throat, chest
and lungs. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

Milk Fed Chickens.

The finishing of chickens in the milk
feeding process is reported as follows:
They are confined in crates for two
weeks before killing and are fed noth-
ing but a mixture of buttermilk, 60
per cent; cornmeal, 20 per cent, and
ground oats, 20 per cent. This is both
food and drink and results in a sur-
prising increase in weight and a choice
quality of meat. Might it not pay the
farmer's wife to so treat the fowls be-
fore marketing?

The doors of the coops are slatted,

and under them are trays which can be
easily removed and cleaned.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

How a Quarrel Between Two Lovers
Ended.

"They stood on the old porch,
"So you refuse me?" he interro-
gated, twirling his cane.

"I do," she replied coldly. "I
wouldn't accept you if you were the
last man on earth."

"Very consoling. Then I suppose
I must go."

"Yes, go! Go, and never let me
see you again! I hate you!"

"Very well, miss, I shall go."

"But—but where are you going?"

"I am going away from you. Isn't
that what you told me to do?"

"But—but you will come back?"

"Never."

"If I should ask you?"

"I would refuse."

"What's that? How dare you
say that? How dare you stand there and
wound the sensitive feelings of a
poor, weak woman? Come tomorrow
night and let me tell you what a
brute you are, George."—Detroit
Tribune.

There is no need worrying along in
discomfort because of indigestion or
dyspepsia. Get a bottle of Kodol for
dyspepsia and see what it will do for
you. Kodol not only digests what you
eat and gives that stomach a needed
rest, but is a corrective of the great-
est efficiency. Kodol relieves indiges-
tion, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart,
flatulence and sour stomach. Kodol
will make your stomach young and
healthy again. You will worry just
in the proportion that your stomach
worryes you. Worry means the loss
of ability to do your best. Worry is
to be avoided at all times. Kodol
will take the worry out of your stom-
ach. Sold by Jackson Drug Company.

No Zigzag Lightning.

If we had nothing but the un-
aided eye to guide us, we could not
easily convince ourselves that light-
ning is not zigzag in its course, but
the camera has shown that it is
curved, or sinuous. A flash seldom
lasts longer than the two-hundredth
part of a second, and it is impossi-
ble for the eye to distinguish more
than the general route traversed,
but the highly sensitized plate of
the camera catches the exactly as it
is.

THE

drugstore of Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive, who has
by mail for St. Louis, Mo. Send for Kentucky testi-
monials. 22-ly

Revenge.

Gunner—That was a fine joke
your wife played when she made you
wait outside of a department store
two hours while she searched for a
pair of gloves to suit her.

Guy—It was pretty good, but I
got even.

Gunner—In what way?

Guy—Why, I made her wait
outside of a barber shop on Satur-
day night while I waited my turn
to get a shave.—Chicago News.

Outwits The Surgeon.

A complication of female troubles,
with catarrh of the stomach and bow-
els, had reduced Mrs. Thos. S. Austin,
of Leavenworth, Ind., to such a de-
plorable condition that her doctor ad-
vised an operation; but her husband
fearing fatal results, postponed this to
try Electric Bitters; and to the amaz-
ement of all who knew her this medi-
cine completely cured her. Guar-
anteed cure for torpid liver, kidney dis-
ease, biliousness, jaundice, chills and
fever, general debility, nervousness
and blood poisoning. Best tonic made.
Price 60c at Jackson Drug Co. Try it.

One Thing Only.

Naylor—Strange you can't tell
what's wrong with your father.
Didn't you have a consultation?

Young Richley—Yes. Four spe-
cialists consulted on the case.

Naylor—And didn't they agree
upon anything?

Young Richley—Yes. They ap-
pear to have agreed upon one thing.
That was to make their bills as high
as possible.—Catholic Standard and
Times.

Stimulation Without Irritation

In a case of stomach and liver trou-
ble the proper treatment is to stimu-
late these organs without irritating
them. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup aids
digestion and stimulates the liver and
bowels without irritating these organs.
like pills or ordinary cathartics. It
does not nauseate or gripe and is mild
and pleasant to take. Jackson Drug Co.

A Little Hay For The Calf.

When the young calf or the young
heifer is large enough to move around
freely it ought to have some fine hay
of good quality before it all the time,
so that it can begin to eat as soon as
nature intends it should. Bear in mind
that until its stomach is in condition to
properly take care of the hay its in-
stinct will keep the animal from eating
much of it. The idea that any injury
will result is wrong, says Farmers Ad-
vocate.

The sincerest tribute that can be paid

to superiority is imitation. The many
imitations of DeWitt's Witch Hazel
Salve that are now before the public
prove that the best. Ask for DeWitt's.
Good for burns, scalds, chafed skin,
eczema, tetter, cuts, bruises, boils and
piles. Highly recommended and reli-
able. Sold by Jackson Drug Company.

Looking After The Hands.

It takes less than a minute to put on
an old pair of gloves when one has a
dirty piece of work, such as dusting or
making a fire, to do. But what a sav-
ing it is to the hands! Housewives
who make a point of thus protecting
their skin never have unsightly dis-
tressing cracks that get so dreadfully
clapped and painful.

A Texas Wonder.

There was a hill at Bowie, Tex., that's
twice as big as last year. This wonder
is W. L. Hill, who from the weight of
90 pounds has grown to over 180. He
says: "I suffered a terrible cough, and
doctors gave me up to die of consump-
tion. I was reduced to 50 pounds, when
I began taking Dr. King's New Dis-
covery for Consumption, Coughs and
Colds. Now, after taking 12 bottles, I
have more than doubled in weight and
am completely cured." Only sure
Cough and Cold cure. Guaranteed by
the Jackson Drug Co. 50c and \$1.00.
Bottle free.

Old Window Shades.

When renewing window shades in-
stead of throwing away the old ones
wash, boil and iron them, and you will
be surprised to see what nice cheese-
cloth you have for dustcloths, dish-
cloths and various other purposes for
which cheesecloth is used.

Long Tennessee Fight.

For twenty years W. L. Davis, of
Bells, Tenn., fought nasal catarrh. He
writes: "The swelling and soreness
inside my nose was fearful, till I began
applying Bucklen's Arnica Salve to the
sore surface; this caused the soreness
and swelling to disappear, never to re-
turn." Best salve in existence. 25c
at Jackson Drug Co.

Brass Round A Keyhole.

In cleaning the brass round a key-
hole it is almost impossible not to soil
the surrounding wood. Get a piece of
cardboard about four inches square,
cut a hole in it the shape of the brass
and put it over the keyhole when clean-
ing, and the wood will not be touched.

A Thousand Dollars Worth of Good.

"I have been afflicted with kidney
and bladder troubles for years, passing
gravel or stones with excruciating
pain," says A. P. Thurnes, a well
known coal operator of Buffalo, O.
"I got no relief from medicine until I
began taking Foley's Kidney Cure."
A few weeks was sufficient. A few
more and I feel like a new man.
It has done me \$1,000 worth of good."
Foley's Kidney Cure will cure every
form of kidney or bladder disease.
Jackson Drug Co.

How Legged Children.

Bowlegs sometimes become straight
as the child grows older and stronger.
Bathe them night and morning with
salt and water, rubbing them thorough-
ly and pressing with the hand on the
outside of the curve, as if to press them
straight. This must be done gently
and without the least violence. The
little bones are soft, and careful ma-
nipulation, long continued, will be of
use.

You cannot induce a lower animal

to eat heartily when not feeling well.
A sick dog starves himself and gets
well. The stomach, once overworked,
must have rest the same as your feet
or eyes. You don't have to starve to
rest your stomach. Kodol for dyspep-
sia takes up the work for your stomach
digests what you eat and gives it a
rest. Puts it back in condition again.
You can't feel good with a disordered
stomach. Try Kodol. Sold by Jackson
Drug Company.

Stitch together newspaper enough to

entirely cover the springs of your bed,
and if there are slats make a second
paper sheet to put under the springs.
It will keep out the dust and is easily
replaced.

To keep the pile on velvet from

crushing while being stitched place a
piece of the same material face down-
ward on it. The fingers rest on this
and prevent its crushing.

Thousands annually bear witness to

the efficiency of Early Risers. These
pleasant, reliable little pills have long
borne the reputation, second to none,
as a laxative and cathartic. They are
as staple as bread in millions of homes.
Pleasant, but effective. Will promptly
relieve constipation without griping.
Sold by Jackson Drug Company.

A Little Hay For The Calf.

When the young calf or the young
heifer is large enough to move around
freely it ought to have some fine hay
of good quality before it all the time,
so that it can begin to eat as soon as
nature intends it should. Bear in mind
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Good for burns, scalds, chafed skin,
eczema, tetter, cuts, bruises, boils and
piles. Highly recommended and reli-
able. Sold by Jackson Drug Company.

Furniture Jones' 2 Stores

ARE RUNNING OVER WITH
A Nice Line of Furniture

Consisting of Bed Room Suites, Side Boards, Rocking
Chairs, Stand Tables, Kitchen Safes, Ward Robes, and
everything that goes to make up a nicely furnished
house. Never buy Furniture until you

INSPECT OUR LINE.

We want everybody in Jackson and the surrounding
to call and examine this stock of Furniture. Everybody
welcome. No trouble to show goods.

**JONES' ..
2 FURNITURE STORES,**
MAIN STREET, JACKSON, KY.

Here We Are!
The Celebrated
HANAN SHOE,
The Best on Earth.
PRICE \$5.00 PRICE

For Sale By
DAY BROS CO
Jackson, - - Kentucky.

BEST HOTEL IN THE CITY. FREE 'BUS TO and FROM DEPOT.

ARLINGTON HOTEL
S. S. TAULBEE, PROP.
JACKSON, KY.

GOOD LIVERY STABLE IN CONNECTION. FIRST CLASS SAMPLE ROOMS.

Bargains in Real Estate.

We have for sale a number of
good farms and town lots, among
which are the following:

A good farm of about 400 acres
on Frozen Creek, within four
miles of Jackson. Good dwelling
house, good barn and outbuildings.
Good well at dwelling and also at
barn. Good orchard with more
than 100 trees in bearing and sev-
eral young trees set out last year.
100 acres in cultivation, balance
woodland. Title perfect; a good
place for anyone looking for a
home. Price, \$3,000.

A farm of about 400 acres with-
in 3 1/2 miles of Jackson. Good
dwelling and barn. Also, a store
house, about 50 acres in cultiva-
tion, balance woodland. Title
perfect. A good home and cheap
at the price. \$1,600 buys it.

Another tract of land on the up-
per Twin Branch of Spring Fork,
about 1 1/2 miles from Lambrie.
This tract contains 264 and is well

timbered and a virgin forest and
adjoining the lands of the Conti-
nental Realty Company. A bar-
gain for anyone looking after tim-
ber or coal lands. A coal vein
about 5 1/2 feet thick. Price \$1,250.

A tract of land at the mouth of
Spring Fork, containing 1,372 acres, near
Lambrie. Well timbered. 2,700
white oak trees from 20 inches up,
besides poplar, chestnut oak,
pine, &c. Also an eleven foot
vein of coal. This is one of the
best coal and timber tracts in
Breathitt county. Price \$10 per
acre.

For further information call on
or address

Hagins & Blanton,

JACKSON, KY.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND STAR

Cure Gonorrhea Prostatitis

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy.
Author of
"The Wings
of the Morning"
Copyright, 1904, by
Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER I.

ALL night long the great bell of the lighthouse, slung to a stout beam projecting seaward beyond the outer platform, had tolled its warning through the fog. The monotonous ticking of the clock-work attachment that governed it, the sharp and livelier click of the occulting hood's machinery, were the only sounds which alternated with the hum of the tremendous clang went a thrill through the giant column itself and pealed away into the murky void with a tremor of profound dimintions.

Overhead the magnificent lantern, its eight ringed circle of flame burning at full pressure, illumined the drifting vapor with an intensity that seemed to be born of the sturdy granite pillar of which it was the fitting diadem. Hard and strong externally as the everlasting rock on which it stood, replete within with burnished steel and polished brass, great cylinders and powerful pumps, the lighthouse thrust its glowing torch beyond the reach of the most daring wave. Cold, dour, defiant it looked. Yet its superhuman eye sought to pierce the very heart of the fog, and the furnace white glare, concentrated ten thousand fold by the encircling live of the dioptric lens, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moonlike majesty.

At last an irresistible ally sprang to the assistance of the unconquerable light. About the close of the middle watch a gentle breeze from the Atlantic followed the tide and swept the shivering wreath hither to the north-east, while the first beams of a June sun completed the destruction of the roiled specter.

So once more, as on the dawn of the third day, the waters under the heaven were gathered into one place and the dry land appeared, and behold, it was good.

On the horizon the turquoise rim of the sea lay with the sheen of folded silk, against the softer canopy of the sky. Toward the west a group of islands, to which drifting banks of mist clung in melting despair, were etched in shadows of dreamy purple. Over the nearer sea floor the quickly drying vapor spread a hazy pall of opal tints. Across the face of the waters glistening bands of emerald green and serene blue quivered in fairy lights. The slanting rays of the sun threw broadest a golden mirage and gilded all things with the dumb gladness of an Elysian summer's day.

A man, pacing the narrow gallery beneath the lantern, halted for a moment to floss his soul afresh with a beauty made entrancing by the known. He was a man of brief stature, but of great intellect, and his eyes were fixed on the horizon.

He was engaged, it is true, in the monotonous act of flossing his eyes, but his mind, yet his eyes drank in the mute glory of the scene, and, captive to the spell of the hour, he murmured aloud:

"Floating on waves of music and light, Behold the chariot of the fairy queen! Celestial couriers pass the unyielding air; Their filmy pennons at her word they fling And stop obedient to the reins of light."

The small door beneath the glass pane was open. The worker within, busily cleaning an eight inch burner, cursed for an instant and popped his head out.

"Did you call me?" he inquired.

The matter of fact words awoke the dreamer. He turned with a pleasant smile.

"To be exact, Jim, I did call somebody, but it was Aurora, Spirit of the Dawn, not a hard bitten sailor man like you."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n. I thought I heard you singin' out for a light."

The other man bent his head to shield a match from a puff of wind, thus concealing from his companion the gleam of amusement in his eyes. His mate sniffed the fragrant odor of the tobacco languidly, but the Elder Brethren of the Trinity maintain strict discipline, and he vanished to his task without a thought of broken rules.

He left a piece of good advice behind him.

"If I was you, cap'n," he said, "I'd turn in. Jones is feelin' all this mornin'. He comes on at 8. You ought to be dead beat after your double spell of the last two days. I'll keep breakfast back until three bells (9:30 a. m.), and there's fresh eggs an' haddock."

"Just a couple of whiffs, Jim. Then I'll go below."

Both men wore the uniform of assistant keepers, yet it needed not their manner of speech to reveal that one was a gentleman born and bred and the other a bluff, good natured, horny handed A. B., to whom new laid eggs and recently cured fish appealed far more potently than Shelley and a summer drawn at sea.

He who had involuntarily quoted "Queen Mab" turned his gaze seaward again. Each moment the scene was becoming more brilliant, yet nearer to earth. The faroff islands sent splashes of gray, brown and green through the purple. The rose flush on the horizon was assuming a yellowish tinge, and the blue of sky and water was deepening.

Twenty miles away to the southwest the smoke of a steamer heralded the advent of an Atlantic liner, and the last streaks of white mist were curling forlornly above the waves.

The presence of the steamship, a tiny dot on the glowing picture, peopled the void with life and banished poetry with the thin sheeted ghosts of the fog. In a little more than an hour she would be abreast of the Gulf Rock light. The watcher believed—was almost certain, in fact—that she was the Princess Royal, homeward bound from New York to Southampton. From her saloon deck those enthusiasts who had risen early enough to catch a first glimpse of the English coast were already scanning the trimly rugged outlines of the Scilly Isles and searching with their glasses for the Land's End

and the Lizard.

In a few hours they would be in Southampton; that afternoon in London—London, the Mecca of the world, from which two years ago he fled with a loathing akin to terror. The big ship out there, panting and straining as if she were beginning, not ending, her ocean race of 3,000 miles, was carrying scores of hundreds to the pleasures and follies of the great city. Yet he, the man smoking and silently staring at the growing bank of smoke—a young man, too; handsome, erect, with the clean, smooth profile of the aristocrat—had turned his back on it all and sought and found peace here in the gaunt pillar on a lonely rock.

Strange how differently men are constituted. And women! Bah! A hard look came into his eyes. His mouth set in a stern contempt. For a little while his face bore a steady expression which would have amazed the man within the lantern, now singing lustily as he worked.

But, as the harp of David caused the evil spirit to depart from Saul, so did the music of the morning chase away the lurking devil of memory which sprang upon the lighthouse-keeper with the slightest breeze.

He smiled again, a little bitterly perhaps. Behind him the singer roared gaily:

"Soon we'll be in London Town, Sing, my lads, yoo ho-o! And see the king in his golden crown, Sing, my lads, yoo ho!"

The man on the platform seemed to be aroused from a painful reverie by the jingle so curiously appropos to his thoughts. He tapped his pipe on the iron railing and was about to enter the lantern—and so to the region of sleep beneath—when suddenly his glance, trained to an acuteness not dreamed of by folk ashore, rested on some object seemingly distant a mile or less and drifting slowly nearer with the tide.

At this hour a two knot current swept to the east around and over the treacherous reef whose sunken fangs were marked by the lighthouse. In calm weather, such as prevailed just then, it was difficult enough to effect a landing at the base of the rock, but this same smilling water race became an awful, raging, tearing fury when the waves were lashed into a storm.

He pocketed his pipe and stood with hands clenched on the rail, gazing intently at a white painted ship's life-belt, with a broken mast and a sail trailing over the stern. Its color, with the sun shining on it, no less than the vaporous eddies fading down to the surface of the sea, had prevented him from seeing it earlier. Perhaps he would not have noticed it at all were it not for the fact that the craft was in peril.

Then, when a landman would have stared insolently in that direction and declared that there was naught else in sight save the steamer, whose tall masts and two black funnels were now distinctly visible, but the lighthouse keeper knew he was not mistaken. Here was a boat adrift, forlorn, deserted. Its contour told him that it was no local craft straying adventurously from island or mainland.

He pocketed his pipe, waited, thus strangely from ocean waves, the broken spar and tumbled canvas, betokened an accident, perchance a tragedy.

"Jim!" he cried.

His mate, engaged in shrouding the gleaming lenses from the sun's rays, came at the call. He was lame, the result of a wound received in the Egyptian campaign; nevertheless, he was quick on his feet.

"What do you make of that?"

The sailor required no more than a gesture. He shaded his eyes with his right hand, a mere shipboard trick of concentrating vision and brain, for the rising sun was almost behind him.

"Ship's boat," he answered laconically. "Collision, I expect. There's bin no blow to speak of for days. But they're gone. Knocked overboard when she was took aback by a squall. Unless them birds."

He spoke in a species of verbal shorthand, but his meaning was clear enough, even to the sentence left unfinished. The craft was under no control. She would drift steadily into the bay until the tide turned, wander in aimless circle for half an hour thereafter, and then, when the ebb reversed direction and force to the current, voyage forth again to the fabled realm of Lysionne.

For a little while they stood together in silence. Jim suddenly quitted his companion and came back with a glass. He poised it with the precision of a Biscay marksman and began to speak again jerkily:

"Stove in forrard, above the water line. Wouldn't live two minutes in a sea. Somethin' lyin' in the bows. Can't make it out. And there's a couple cormorants perched on the gunwale. But she'll pass within 200 yards on her present course, and the tide'll hold long enough for that."

The other man looked around. From that elevated perch, 130 feet above high water mark, he could survey a vast area of sea. Excepting the approaching steamer—which would fill past a mile away to the south—and a few distant brown specks which he tokened a shoal of Penzance fishing smacks making the best of the tide eastward—there was not a sail in sight.

"I think we should try to get hold of her," he said.

Jim kept his eye glued to the telescope.

"Tain't worth it, cap'n. The salvage 'll only be a pound or two, not what an extry survivin' comes in useful, an' we might tie her up to the buoy on the off chance until the relief comes or we signal a smack. But what's the good o' talkin'? We've got no boat, an' nobody'd be such a fool as to swim to her."

"That's what I had in mind," Jim lowered the glass.

"That's the first time I've ever heard you say such a silly thing, Stephen Brand."

There was no wavering judgment in his voice now. He was angry and slightly alarmed.

"Why is it so emphatically silly, Jim? Was the sailing queer?"

"How d'ye know what's aboard of her? What's them fowl after? What's under that sail? What's that lyin' crumpled up forrard? Dead men, maybe. If they are, she's conveyed by sharks."

"Sharks! This is not the Red Sea. I am not afraid of any odd prowler. Once—Anyhow, I am going to ask Jones."

"Jones won't hear of it."

"What do you make of that?"

"That is precisely what he will do, within the next minute. Now, don't you see, Brand, by and sing out directions if needful when I am in the water. Have no fear. I am more than equal to Leander in a sea like this."

Jim, who trusted to the head keeper's vetted, too, by the reference to Leander, whom he hazily associated with Captain Webb—made no rejoinder.

He focused the telescope again, gave a moment's scrutiny to the steamer and then re-examined the boat. "The stillness of the morning was solemn. Beyond the lazy splash of the sea against the Gulf Rock itself and an occasional heavy surge as the swell revealed and instantly smothered some dark tooth of the reef he heard no sound save the ring of Stephen Brand's boots on the iron stairs as he descended through the lantern, the library and office to the first bedroom. In the lower bunk of which lay Mr. Jones, keeper and chief, recovering from a sharp attack of sea-sickness."

During one fearful night in the March equinox, when the fierce heat of the lamp within and the icy blast of the gale without had temporarily deranged the occulting machinery, Jones experienced an anxious watch. Not for an instant could he forego attendance on the lamp. Owing to the sleet it was necessary to keep the light at full pressure. The surplus oil, driven up from the tanks by weights weighing half a ton, must flow copiously.

The occulting hood, too, must be helped when the warning click came or it would jam and fall to fall periodically, thus changing the character of the light, to the bewilderment and grave peril of any unhappy vessel striving against the exterior turmoil of wind and wave.

So Jones passed four hours with his head and shoulders in the temperature of a Turkish bath and the lower part of his body chilled to the bone.

He thought nothing of it at the time. This was duty. But at intervals throughout the rest of his life the self-lame nerve would remind him of that lonely watch. This morning he was convalescent after a painful immobility of two days.

Watching the boat, Jim centered her in the telescope field and looked anxiously for a sharp arrow shaped ripple on the surface of the sea. The breeze which had vanquished the fog now kissed the smilling water into dimples, and his keen sight was perplexed by the myriad wavelets.

Each minute the condition of affairs on board became more defined. Beneath some oars ranged along the starboard side he could see several thin, such as contain biscuits and compressed beef. The shapeless mass in the bows puzzled him. It was partly covered with broken planks from the damaged portion of the upper works, and it might be a jib sail fallen there when the mast broke. The birds were busy and excited. He did not like that.

Nearly half an hour passed. The Princess Royal, a fine vessel of yacht-like proportions, splinting for the attention train, was about eight miles away, southwest by west. According to present indications, steamer and derelict would be abreast of the Gulf Rock light simultaneously, but the big ship, of course, would give a wide berth to a rock strewn shoal.

At last the lighthouse keeper heard ascending footsteps. This was not Stephen Brand, but Jones. Jim, whose rare irritated moods found safety in stolid silence, neither spoke nor looked around when his chief joined him, binoculars in hand.

Jones, a man of whitewash, polish and rigid adherence to framed rules, found the boat instantly and recapitulated Jim's inventory, eliciting grunts of agreement as each item was ticked off.

A clang of metal beneath caught their ears—the opening of the stout doors, forty feet above high water mark, from which a series of iron rungs sunk in the granite wall led to the rocky base.

"Brand's gone to swim out. It's hardly worth while signalin' to the Land's End," commented Jones.

No answer. Jim leaned well over and saw their associate, stripped to his underclothing, with a leather belt supporting a sheath knife slung across his shoulders, climbing down the ladder.

This tactfulness surprised Jones, for Jim was the cheeriest nurse who ever brought a sufferer a plate of soup.

"It's nothing for a good swimmer, is it?" was the anxious question.

"No. It's no distance to speak of. 'An' the sea's like a mill pond?"

"Aye, it's smooth enough."

"Don't you think he ought to try it? Every fine mornin', he has a dip off the rock."

"Well, if it's all right for him an' you it's all right for me."

Jim had urged his plea to the man whom it chiefly concerned. He was far too sporting a character to obtain interference of authority, and Jones, whose maritime experiences were confined to the hauling in or paying out of a lightship's cable, had not the slightest suspicion of lurking danger in the blue depths.

A light splash came to them, and a few seconds later, Brand's head and shoulders swung into view. After a dozen vigorous breast strokes he rolled over on to his side and waved his left hand to the two men high above him.

With a sweeping side stroke he made rapid progress. Jones, unaltered by knowledge, blew through his lips.

"He's a wonderful chap, is Brand," he said contentedly. "It ticks me what a man like him wants messin' about in the service for. He's educated up to the top notch, an' he has money too. His hotel's cost the whole of his pay, the missus says, an' that kid of his has a hospital miss, if you please."

Jones was grateful to his mates for their recent attentions. He was inclined to genial gossip, but Jim was watching the boat curving toward the lighthouse. The high spring tide was it the full. So he only growled:

"You can see with half an eye he has taken on this job for a change. I wish he was in that blessed boat."

Jones was quite certain now that his subordinate harbored some secret fear of danger.

"What's up?" he cried. "He'll board her in two ticks."

On no account would the sailor mention sharks. He might be mistaken, and Jones would not suffer at his "deep sea" fancies. Anyhow, it was Brand's affair. A friend might advise; he would never tattle.

The head keeper, vaguely excited, peered through his glass. Both boat and swimmer were in the angular field. Brand had resumed the breast stroke. The swing of the tide carried the broken bow toward him. He was not more than the boat's length distant when he dove suddenly and the cormorants dived aloft. A black fin darted into, and leaving a sharply divided trail in the smooth patch of water created by the turning of the derelict.

Jones was genuinely startled now.

"My God!" he cried. "What is it?"

"A shark!" yelled Jim. "I knew it. I warned him. Eh, but he's game, is the cut-throat!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" roared Jones. Under reversed conditions he would have behaved exactly as Jim did.

But it was no time for words. The men peered at the sudden tragedy with an intensity which left them gasping for breath. More than 200 yards away in reality, the magnifying glasses brought this horror so close that they could see the shark's lower jaw, and could vaguely discern the dramatic action of the jaws moving back and forth, reaching for the victim.

The shark's head, as it came up, thrust out its snout in his throat. "He's open!" Jones heard him say. "He's open!" he yelled. "He's open!" he yelled. "He's open!" he yelled.

For a single instant they saw the dark hair and face of the man above the surface. The shark whirled about and rushed. Brand sank, and again the giant man oater whirled in agonized convulsions and the sea showed masses of foam and dark blotches. The fluttering of the birds became irregular and alarmed. Their wheeling flights partly obscured events below.

The gulls, speeding their flight, or it might be interest, kept close to the water and the cormorants sailed in circles aloft.

Jones was pallid and streaming with perspiration.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for fifty quid," he groaned.

"I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred," yelled Jim. "It's a fight to a finish, and the cap'n 'll win. There ain't another sea lawyer on the job, an' Brand knows how to handle this one."

The matter had happened, and Jim relieved the tension by a mighty shout:

"He'll swim wild now, Brand. Keep out of his track!"

"Sure enough, the ugly monster began to thrash the water and career around on the surface in frantic convulsions. The second stab of the knife had reached a vital part. Brand, who perhaps had seen a Malay diver handling his life-long enemy, struck out toward the stern of the boat. The shark, clenching the sea into a white foam, whirled away in blind pursuit of the death which was rending him. The man, unharmed but somewhat breathless, clambered over the folds of the sail into the boat.

"Glory be!" quavered Jones, who was a Baptist.

Jim was about to chant his thanks in other terms when his attention was caught by Brand's curious actions.

In stepping across the after thwart he stopped as though something had stung him. His hesitation was momentary. Pressing his left hand to mouth and nose, he passed rapidly forward, stooped, caught a limp body by the belt which every sailor wears and, with a mighty effort, slung it into the sea, where it sank instantly. So the shark, like many a human congener of higher intellect, had only missed his opportunity by being too precipitate, while the cormorants and gulls, eying him ominously, did not know what he had lost.

Then the man returned to the sail and peered beneath. Neither of the on-lookers could distinguish anything of special interest under the heavy canvas sheet. Whatever it was, Brand apparently resolved to leave it alone for the moment.

He slipped a pair of oars and, with two vigorous sweeps, impelled the derelict away from the charnel house atmosphere which evidently clung to it.

Then the shark engaged his attention. It was floating belly upward, its white underskin glistening in the sunlight. Two long gashes were revealed, one transverse, the other lengthwise, proving how coolly and scientifically Brand had done his work. An occasional

spasm revealed that life was not yet extinct, but the furious attack of a dog-fish, attracted by the scent of blood, which stirs alike the denizens of air, land and ocean, was unresisted.

The rower stood up again, drove a booby hook into the cruel jaws and lashed the stock to a third pin with a piece of cordage. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he looked toward the Gulf Rock for the first time since he drew the knife from its sheath, gave a cheery hand wave to the shouting pair on the balcony and settled down to pull the recovered craft close to the rock.

Jim closed the telescope with a snap. "He heaved the dead man overboard," he announced. "So there's a live one under the sail."

"Why do you think that?" said Jones, whose nerves were badly shaken.

"Well, you saw what happened to the other pore dove. Either him or the cap'n had to go. It'd be the same if there was a funeral wanted aft. Boss there birds—But come along, boss. Let's give him a hand."

They hurried down to the iron barred entrance. Jones shot outward a small crane fitted with a winch, in case it might be needed, while the sailor climbed to the narrow platform of rock into which the base blocks of the lighthouse were sunk and bolted.

Affording but little superficial space at low water, there was now not an

inch to spare. Here, at sea level, the Atlantic swell, even in calm weather, rendered landing or boarding a boat a matter of activity. At this stage of the tide each wave lapped some portion of the granite stones and reached quickly down the slope of the wool covered rock.

The gulls and cormorants, filling the air with raucous cries, were rustling in rapid flight in the wake of the boat, larking ever and anon at the water or making daring pecks at the floating carcass.

Soon Brand glanced over his shoulder to measure the distance. With the use of a practiced oarsman, he turned his craft to bring her stern on to the landing place.

"Lower a back!" he yelled to Jones, and, while the others wondered what the meaning of the order was, he reached the base of a steam whistle, bellowed four times in rapid succession:

"Each and all, he had forgotten the Princess Royal. She was close in, much nearer than mail steamers usually ventured.

At first they gazed at her with surprise, Brand even suspending his maneuvers for a moment. Then Jim, knowing that a steamship trumpets the same note to express all sorts of emotion, understood that the officers had witnessed a good deal, if not all, that had taken place and were offering their congratulations.

"Blow away, my hearties!" crowed Jim, vainly apostrophizing the vessel. "You'll have something to crack about when you go ashore tonight or I'm very much mistaken. Now, cap'n, he went on, 'take the cover off. It's alive, I suppose. Is it a man or a woman?'"

At this point the derelict, which had been floating belly upward, turned over on its back and showed its white underskin. Two long gashes were revealed, one transverse, the other lengthwise, proving how coolly and scientifically Brand had done his work. An occasional

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Lexington & Eastern R'y O. & K. Railway.

SUMMER TIME TABLE. EFFECTIVE MAY 23, 1906.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
AM	PM	AM	PM	AM
6:25	2:25	6:25	2:25	6:25
6:35	2:35	6:35	2:35	6:35
6:45	2:45	6:45	2:45	6:45
6:55	2:55	6:55	2:55	6:55
7:05	3:05	7:05	3:05	7:05
7:15	3:15	7:15	3:15	7:15
7:25	3:25	7:25	3:25	7:25
7:35	3:35	7:35	3:35	7:35
7:45	3:45	7:45	3:45	7:45
7:55	3:55	7:55	3:55	7:55
8:05	4:05	8:05	4:05	8:05
8:15	4:15	8:15	4:15	8:15
8:25	4:25	8:25	4:25	8:25
8:35	4:35	8:35	4:35	8:35
8:45	4:45	8:45	4:45	8:45
8:55	4:55	8:55	4:55	8:55
9:05	5:05	9:05	5:05	9:05

Ar Lexington 10:10 6:05

EAST BOUND.

	P. M.	A. M.
Ly Lexington,	2:25	7:45
Winchester	3:10	8:25
L. & E Junction	3:25	8:37
Clay City,	4:10	9:13
Stanton,	4:10	9:22
Compton Junction	4:40	9:50
Natural Bridge,	4:45	9:54
Torront,	4:57	10:08
Beattyville Jun.	5:18	10:28
St. Helens	5:21	10:49
Tallaga	5:33	10:51
Altuda	5:45	10:58
Oakdale,	5:48	11:06
Elkansa	6:01	11:22
O. & K. June.	6:05	11:26
As Jackson,	6:10	11:30